

1: A Christmas Ghost Story. Poem by Thomas Hardy - Poem Hunter

A Ghost Story for Christmas is a strand of annual British short television films originally broadcast on BBC One between 1973 and 1983, and revived in on BBC Four. With one exception, the original instalments were directed by Lawrence Gordon Clark and the films were all shot on 16 mm colour film.

A spooky Wisconsin ghost story retold by S. Schlosser The soft thud of following footsteps echoed behind him as he hurried through the snowflakes toward home. They kept pace with him, quickening when he quickened and slowing when he slowed. His flesh crawled at the sound and he sped up, cursing himself for walking home alone from the midnight Christmas Mass. Normally not a pious man, the middle-aged bachelor had suddenly been struck by a wish to hear the old Christmas songs sung once again by a church choir, and had walked across town to attend the service. Now he regretted his choice, as he passed dark house after dark house in the snowy night, and the footsteps ever followed. He sped up until he was nearly running, and skidded into his street. A few more paces brought him to the bottom of his front steps, and as he dashed up them, he realized suddenly that the following footsteps had ceased abruptly. He glanced behind him at the cross-street from which he had just turned and saw only one pair of footprints in the snow-covered street when there should have been two. He frowned in puzzlement, and then shuddered as a cold breeze struck him, driving snow against his collar, and slammed against the door. Almost, it seemed to pass through the door, but that was superstitious nonsense. His hand was shaking as he unlocked the front door and hurried inside. He expected darkness, but was delighted to see the yellow glow of firelight coming from his study doorway upstairs. His old housekeeper, whom he thought firmly asleep in her attic bedroom, must have lit the fire pending his return. He shrugged out of his coat and paused for a moment, amazed to find it still warm and dry, though he had walked for more than a mile through a snow-storm. Before the mysterious footsteps began his shudder was interrupted by a shout of greeting as his old friend Andy came hurrying out of the study. His whole face lit up in a grin at the unexpected surprise. Andy had left town years ago to take a government job in D. Nearly an hour passed before it occurred to him that his guest might be hungry. His offer of a meal was instantly accepted, but Andy was unwilling to leave the comfort of the fire to eat in the kitchen, so he jogged downstairs alone to fetch some food. Andy had looked very pale and had kept shivering with cold while they talked. A few moments later he was back with warmed up meat and potatoes and a couple of glasses of beer, apologizing profusely as he handed Andy a plate, for the mismatched dinnerware. Andy just laughed and hunkered down to eat. When they were both finished, he showed his friend to a guest room and then tumbled into his own bed to sleep, all his apprehension caused by mysterious footsteps forgotten in the visit of his friend. He jumped out of bed Christmas morning and dashed immediately downstairs to the guest room to rouse his friend. But the housekeeper had seen no one either the previous night or this morning. He flopped down on the bottom step of the staircase, completely baffled. Where had Andy gone? It was a mystery that plagued him all Christmas Day, and he did not enjoy his holiday dinner at all, a fact that annoyed his housekeeper. He was awakened the next morning from a restless sleep by the sound of the front door bell. He stumbled out of bed and was splashing water from the bedside pitcher onto his sleepy eyes when a knock came at his bedroom door. When he answered, his housekeeper handed him a telegram that had just arrived. As she hurried back downstairs to prepare his breakfast, he opened it curiously, not knowing who would be telegraphing him so urgently. As he read the telegram, he started to tremble. The message was short and to the point: He sat down hard on the bed, the telegram fluttering away from his hand. That would explain the eerie footsteps and the dry coat in the middle of the snow storm. You can read more Wisconsin ghost stories in Spooky Wisconsin , by S.

2: The Spirit of Christmas (TV Movie) - IMDb

One of the most familiar examples of the Christmas ghost story is Charles Dickens's A Christmas Carol, which he wrote in as a way of cashing in on the renewed demand for the form.

Indeed, it has become the quintessential example of the subgenre, having been animated several times one of the most notable was the Oscar-winning version by Richard Harris and produced by Chuck Jones [Looney Tunes, etc. Marcus Brody in the Indiana Jones films]. We have to be thankful to Christmas for the ghostly tales that the master of supernatural fiction, MR James, left to us in several collections. In fact, the image that this conjures inevitably epitomises the typical picture that we have of the Victorian Christmas tradition of telling ghost stories – a warm room, heated by a roaring log fire in the grate and bathed in the soft glow of candles, with a small gathering of rapt listeners focusing their fullest attention on the master of the house standing by the fireplace, reading aloud. Outside the window, in the sharply cold winter night, there may have been a pale frosty moon in the sky, the light from it reflecting off the glistening layer of snow blanketing all. Is it any wonder then, with this atmospheric tableau clearly pictured in our minds, that the telling of ghost stories was so apt for such an occasion. It makes a lot of sense, when you stop to think about it. Midwinter is the point at which the world turns away from hibernation and looks forward to brighter days ahead, with the daylight subtly lengthening gradually, encouraging life and nature to begin to stir once more into activity. Many of the Christmas traditions we take for granted, the Christmas tree and Santa Claus himself for instance, were introduced and bequeathed to us by the Victorians, and many of those traditions had their roots in pagan custom. I would surmise that the telling of ghost stories around a fire had parallel origins, harking back perhaps to a time when tales of dead ancestors and their illustrious exploits were told around campfires at a similar time of the year. A Victorian Christmas The Victorians, at Christmas or otherwise, were apparently very enamoured of the ghost story, and there was a huge flowering of such supernatural fiction during the era. This was also a time of uncertainty, what with many hitherto eternal spiritual verities making way for scientific discoveries in all fields and from all corners of the globe. Is it any wonder then that people sought remedies to those uncertainties, turning to the supernatural and belief in the dead being able to communicate with the living as a means of coping? And most certainly, the Victorians went for it in a big way. Periodicals, magazines, penny-dreadfuls and annuals published ghost stories throughout the year, but the form appeared to reach its apotheosis at the Yule-tide festivities. After all, family gatherings would provide the perfect audience at such a special time, plus supernatural tales appealed to both the young and the old. There was probably another side to it as well – a way of remembering those who were no longer there to join in the communal and familial celebrations. A reassurance, perhaps, that even though they may no longer be with them physically, their spirits lived on and were watching over them. A reminder too, perhaps, of the transient nature of life, that the journey from birth to death is an ephemeral one. The most important aspect of all this, however, is that the Victorians, for all their sometimes over-bearing sentimentality, gave us the ghost story and by extension the currently popular horror genre as our inheritance. All of our favourite genre authors owe them a debt, be it a conscious or unconscious influence. We forget at our peril how something as simple as getting spectral chills on Christmas Eve would bring the family together as a unit.

3: Christmas Ghost Stories - Colonial Ghosts

The first key to a Christmas ghost story is a convivial atmosphere. People in these stories are well fed, they're often hanging out in groups, you feel like you're hanging out with them, and you do not wish to leave any more than they do.

It comes in the form of the Christmas ghost story. In the end, both holidays at their core are a celebration of life over death, of explorations into themes of light and dark. Even the Nativity Story, innocently told through the tale of the birth of a Baby, has elements of the supernatural. Gabriel, though describe as an angel, is a visitor from another sphere – a ghost by any other definition. But if you escape the scary elements of apparitions and specters – and contemplate more the nature of life and death – you come to realize why these themes keep showing up in the celebration of Christmas especially. The one common denominator among humans is death. None of us get out of this world alive. That hard truth leads us to contemplate the most serious questions of life. And we revisit it with every passing holiday and, for many, each celebrated birthday. Complicating matters for us are the real life experiences we have we face death in our families. Recently a friend of mine endured the passing of her mother. Two weeks after the death of her mother my friend shared with me that her mother appeared to her. My friend is an atheist and the experience shook her to the very core. She refused to believe it was a false experience, though. The encounter touched on things within her family that were private and sensitive. The details were simply too deep to be a mere trick of a grieving imagination, she said. There is something beyond, she assured me. Of the many lost traditions of the Victorian era none is more forgotten than the telling of ghost stories. Historians, as is their way, tend to dismiss the likes of Charles Dickens telling and re-telling A Christmas Carol in public performances as merely a passing fad of the past. But we know different. The ancient pagan traditions of the yule log were built around fires and gatherings, of stories told of good against evil, lightness against dark. To throwback to those days of ghost story telling we recommend for you three tales from that 19th century time period when it was in such fashion. In it the narrator meets a man who works on the railroad as a signalman, a lonely out-post kind of assignment to communicate dangers and warnings both to trains and other signalmen up the line. The signal man of this story observes the mysterious visit of a ghost at his lonely station and every time the ghost shows up a tragedy of some sort follows. This classic tale was told by Dickens first in and has been made into film and stage productions periodically since. Another writer of the period who masterfully told a ghostly tale was Elizabeth Gaskell. The Old Nurse, employed by a family for generation, tells the story herself to the young children of a new generation. She relates a dark incident with their mother when she was young on a visit to an ancestral home – the proverbial haunted house. It can be read here. In yet another haunted mansion there is a mysterious door that will simply not stay shut. Who keeps opening it and why? The man investigating the door learns a dark truth about what lies beyond the door – and that truth may change the life of the reader or listener forever. These are the types of ghost stories shared in Christmases past. Perhaps it is time to revive the tradition and contemplate deeper the lessons of life and death associated with Christmas.

4: A Christmas Carol - Wikipedia

A thoroughly enjoyable and informative article. The telling of festive ghost stories is a tradition worthy of observance. I am currently collecting grisly Christmas tales to share in an attempt to revive the practice.

Illustration by Pietari Posti. Here we go, she thought: Tim was turning off the main road, responding to the satnav. They left the traffic, forged through a mesh of suburban streets, arrived at the heart of what had once been a rural village, now digested by later development. Row of old cottages, a pub, the church. Medieval barn, is it? Ah – must be this. They studied the house. There had been the murky basement flat in Kentish Town. A gleaming space by the time he had done with it, all wood floors and halogen lights and clever cupboards. And the two-up, two-down in Croydon, to which he had given a loft and a conservatory extension. She had never lived other than surrounded by tools and timber and drums of paint. He had the key from the agent, unlocked the door. The price is good. She heard him banging across the boarded floors, throwing open a window. Staircase to the side of the hall, up to the floor above, where there was a small landing, with rooms opening off. Steep staircase, surprisingly steep, not well designed. He had flung open the door at the back of the hall. Well, sort of kitchen, once. The wood of the banister was splintered and there were balusters missing. The landing above had a loose plank that lurched when stepped on. Tim opened doors to rooms. Maybe knock another window in this one – a bit dark. He was inspecting floorboards. Possibly slate flags in the kitchen. Oh – He had spotted a dead bird in the corner of what she now grimly knew would be their bedroom. He picked it up by one desiccated wing and dropped it out of the window. Remains of a bonfire. Extraordinarily cold in here. June day, sun outside, and so cold. Central heating installation one of his specialities. He was a local government official. He worked in an office, amid computers and filing cabinets, and escaped to his power drill, his saws, his hammers, his larder of screws and nuts and bolts and intricate ironmongery, his drawing-board, his pencils and set-squares and compasses. Then, he took flight. She taught six-to seven-year-olds. One day they would have one of these of their own. When he had banged his way through enough decayed properties. She could stand it – the dust, the dishevelment. In a curious way, she quite liked it, because this was essence of Tim – his energy, his beguiling enthusiasm, the way he flung himself into a new project, on a high with schemes, his eyes alight with power showers and quarry tiles and fitted cupboards. Weekends, she supplied endless cups of tea and coffee, admired, consoled when something went awry. Their outings were to Homebase and builders merchants. And then what will you do with yourself? Learn to play the violin. You are a saint. Do you like this one? And no, marble is not appropriate for a small Croydon terrace house. He had made a wrought-iron spiral stair for that basement, an exquisite tiled bathroom for the Croydon terrace, squeezed into an extension. Once she had suggested to him quite seriously that he should think of packing in office life and go into business as a builder. And it was worth it for his soaring good spirits – always so when on the brink of a new undertaking. The only thing is, it could take years. Within weeks the ground floor was piled high with his equipment; weekends were spent sourcing materials. Radiators, piping – he was making central heating a priority, thank goodness – timber, tiles. They both had further to travel to work from here, but even so he would set to each evening, if only to sit staring at squared paper on his clipboard, working out how he would deal with some particular space in the house. He was happy, and she with him. They made love a lot. The neighbour appeared when they had been there about a month. Elderly woman – plus – coming up the front path, eyeing things as she went: Laura saw her out of the window and went to the door. I live down there. Tim was a touch concerned about this field: High time someone did some work on the place. The visitor inspected the room. Well, maybe there are other neighbours. Both at work, are you? Have you lived here long? Since childhood, it seemed. Born here, left for elsewhere to marry, husband died. Parents also, 20 years ago. Made it last week. There, heart of gold after all. Those radiators out there? Needs to be – into DIY on this scale. Reminds me a bit of – She broke off. A nice Russet, I remember. She told Tim about their neighbour. He was sanding floors now – dust everywhere. She had never known him so absorbed in a new project, immersed in it each evening, every weekend. It was as though he were possessed. He sanded, he replaced rotten floorboards, in fine weather he got up on the roof and started

to tackle the slipped and broken tiles. He set about the creation of the en suite bathroom next to their bedroom to replace the original dank facility at the end of the landing. Winter now in full control. Snow that came, melted, lay around as slush. The house could not be called warm, despite the radiators, the state-of-the-art boiler. She said, "The heating works in an odd way, have you noticed? There are cold patches. Just that the house has been empty. Laura cooked a lot, surprising herself. She had always been a rather lazy cook, favouring easy things, short cuts; now she found herself making hefty stews, doing complex bakery. And it passed the time –" her rather solitary time; there is only so much tea and coffee you can supply. She went for walks, too –" not that the neighbourhood came up with much by way of an interesting route. On one of these she met Sheila Bates, heading for her house, dragging a shopping trolley. Got your heating in? This was not to be a fleeting exchange, it would seem. There was a child fell down those stairs. The family left quite soon. A bad year, perhaps. But –" but can I bring you a cake next weekend? I always bake then. Sheila seemed vaguely to be valued, as some kind of tether to this place.

5: Christmas ghost stories: Stairs by Penelope Lively | Books | The Guardian

*Christmas Ghost Stories: a collection of winter tales [Mark Onspaugh] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. "Mark Onspaugh's sixteen ghostly Christmas tales make the ideal read for filling cozy winter evenings with delectable shivers and chills.*

The great English tradition of Christmas ghost stories. The trip to the Home Depot. This is the Fezziwig side of Christmas, that portion that makes you look up the word wassail when you encounter it and think, Ah, that would be fun. But what of the darker elements of Christmas—and what of Christmas for those people who enjoy making merry most years but may have hit upon a bit of a tricky patch? What succor of the season might they find at the proverbial inn? Time was the English loved to scare you out of your mind come December, but in a fun way that resulted in stories well afield of your typical ghost story outing. James is held as the master by most. His thing was to write a tale for Christmas, invite some of his fellow Eton dons and favored students into his rooms, and read it over candlelight after everyone had been plied with eggnog. Readings for the season—but not really of the season. Writers of ghost stories, James included, love to make authoritative lists about what makes such stories work. They offer spectral prescriptions that, as you might gather, rarely hit upon the same guidelines, and then they tend to violate these notions within their own work. The first key to a Christmas ghost story is a convivial atmosphere. Next, a game might be proposed, say, a game of telling stories. Then comes the terror. Sure, they can kill you, but they do so with a joke or two at the ready. These are the short days of the year, and a weird admixture of pagan habits and grand religiosity obtains. There is also booze. So ladle out some perry or mead—or just grab a Bud Light—and allow me to recommend these ghostly tidings. Benson This tale is set on Christmas Eve and looks back on the one the year before, when our host had a vision of primal, shack-entombed beasts advancing upon him as he sat out on the lawn and watched his wife and a good friend play croquet. The creatures advance, paralysis has set in, and it is by a Christmas mercy that the hold is relinquished. Daytime haunts can seem even less natural than the midnight variety, and this one proves portentous when the vision is actualized, after a fashion, before we all collectively shudder and call for more mulled cider, the tale complete. In this story, a law clerk—whose boss just cleared a murderer—is packing what he believes to be the travel bag said employer has lent him. You want this guy to be okay. Only kidding, dear reader. A very good thing about a great Christmas ghost story is that you will be frightened, but the new people you have come to care about tend to live to see another Christmas. Riddell Even spook-story enthusiasts tend not to know that a goodly amount of Victorian ghost fiction was written by women. Maybe the majority of it. Cards, as it were. He heads out at the same time as Santa Claus, or rather, the Santa the family thinks it hired to put on an act for the kiddies. Santa is the ghost in this story, maybe, or not. Because Santa could just be pissed-off kin. You get to riddle it out for yourself. Burrage My personal favorite. A sort of moral: Reading this story—like drinking too much nog—would be enough to have you cancel Christmas next year. His next book, *The Anglerfish Comedy Troupe: Stories from the Abyss*, comes out in August.

6: Haunted Christmas: From Ghost Stories at www.enganchecubano.com

Christmas ghost stories are a tradition going back much farther than "A Christmas Carol" Boo! Telling ghost stories on Christmas was a tradition for hundreds of years.

He turns away two men who seek a donation from him to provide food and heating for the poor, and only grudgingly allows his overworked, underpaid clerk, Bob Cratchit, Christmas Day off with pay to conform to the social custom. Marley tells Scrooge that he has a single chance to avoid the same fate: Finally, they visit a now-married Belle with her large, happy family on the Christmas Eve that Marley died. The spirit informs Scrooge that Tiny Tim will die unless the course of events changes. Before disappearing, the spirit shows Scrooge two hideous, emaciated children named Ignorance and Want. Stave four[edit] Scrooge and Bob Cratchit celebrate Christmas in an illustration from stave five of the original edition, The silent ghost reveals scenes involving the death of a disliked man whose funeral is attended by local businessmen only on condition that lunch is provided. His charwoman, laundress and the local undertaker steal his possessions to sell to a fence. When he asks the spirit to show a single person who feels emotion over his death, he is only given the pleasure of a poor couple who rejoice that his death gives them more time to put their finances in order. When Scrooge asks to see tenderness connected with any death, the ghost shows him Bob Cratchit and his family mourning the death of Tiny Tim. Sobbing, Scrooge pledges to change his ways. Stave five[edit] Scrooge awakens on Christmas morning a changed man. The following day he gives Cratchit an increase in pay and becomes a father figure to Tiny Tim. From then on Scrooge begins to treat everyone with kindness, generosity and compassion, embodying the spirit of Christmas. Background[edit] Dickens at the blacking warehouse, as envisioned by Fred Barnard The writer Charles Dickens was born to a middle class family which got into financial difficulties as a result of the spendthrift nature of his father John. Dickens, aged 12, was forced to pawn his collection of books, leave school and work at a dirty and rat-infested shoe-blackening factory. The change in circumstances gave him what his biographer, Michael Slater, describes as a "deep personal and social outrage", which heavily influenced his writing and outlook. Their practice was copied in many homes across the country. In the episode, a Mr Wardle relates the tale of Gabriel Grub, a lonely and mean-spirited sexton, who undergoes a Christmas conversion after being visited by goblins who show him the past and future. It was a parliamentary report exposing the effects of the Industrial Revolution upon working class children. Sales of Martin Chuzzlewit were falling off, and his wife, Catherine, was pregnant with their fifth child. By 24 October Dickens invited Leech to work on A Christmas Carol, and four hand-coloured etchings and four black-and-white wood engravings by the artist accompanied the text. This psychological conflict may be responsible for the two radically different Scrooges in the tale—“one a cold, stingy and greedy semi-recluse, the other a benevolent, sociable man. And the Union workhouses? The treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then? The grave was for Ebenezer Lennox Scroggie, whose job was given as a meal man—“a corn merchant; Dickens misread the inscription as "mean man". Jordan argues that A Christmas Carol shows what Dickens referred to in a letter to Foster as his "Carol philosophy, cheerful views, sharp anatomisation of humbug, jolly good temper The first printing contained drab olive endpapers that Dickens felt were unacceptable, and the publisher Chapman and Hall quickly replaced them with yellow endpapers, but, once replaced, those clashed with the title page, which was then redone. Chapman and Hall issued second and third editions before the new year, and the book continued to sell well into He wrote that A Christmas Carol was "a national benefit and to every man or woman who reads it, a personal kindness". The review recommended that the tale should be printed on cheap paper and priced accordingly. Let us be the sledge-hammer in this, or I shall be beset by hundreds of the same crew when I come out with a long story. While the public eagerly bought the later books, the reviewers were highly critical of the stories. Adaptations of A Christmas Carol By Dickens was engaged with David Copperfield and had neither the time nor the inclination to produce another Christmas book. Three productions opened on 5 February, one by Edward Stirling being sanctioned by Dickens and running for more than 40 nights. Accordingly, Davis identifies the original text, and the "remembered version". Davis considers that in A Christmas Carol, Dickens showed that

CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY pdf

Christmas could be celebrated in towns and cities, despite increasing modernisation. The Oxford Movement of the 1840s and 1850s had produced a resurgence of the traditional rituals and religious observances associated with Christmastide and, with *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens captured the zeitgeist while he reflected and reinforced his vision of Christmas. Chesterton wrote "The beauty and blessing of the story Whether the Christmas visions would or would not convert Scrooge, they convert us. In the lead up to, and during, the Great Depression , Davis identifies that while some see the story as a "denunciation of capitalism, British-made films showed a traditional telling of the story, while US-made works showed Cratchet in a more central role, escaping the depression caused by European bankers and celebrating what Davis calls "the Christmas of the common man". By the 1930s he was again set in a world of depression and economic uncertainty.

7: A Ghost Story for Christmas - Wikipedia

Directed by Mark Gatiss Written by M. R. James (story), Mark Gatiss (adaptation) 25 December

8: Alley Theatre Official Website - A Christmas Carol – A Ghost Story Of Christmas

CHRISTMAS GHOST STORIES. With the holidays fast approaching, most people do not think of ghost stories connected to Christmas and New Year's. Except they have been as symbolic with these holidays as much as Halloween.

9: Guardian Weekend magazine's Christmas ghost stories | Books | The Guardian

On a dark winter's night, settle down with our chilling original ghost stories from authors Lionel Shriver, Jeanette Winterson, Ned Beaman and Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie.

Self-catering afloat Gauntlet Legends: Official Strategy Guide His mistress by Christmas Fatal Mountaineer Faith in God (What Is God Like Series) Zealous kindness of Pedro de Silva 151 Gajanan maharaj aarti Fe self study guide Fundamentals of building energy dynamics Controversies in public health and health policy Revival and Miracle 51 Medievalia Et Humanistica (Medievalia Et Humanistica New Series) The ultimate inbound marketing guide Biographies by B. H. Johnson: Albert George (Chic Sandoval. Paul Jones. Chabah Davis Watson. Annie Dodge For the relief of Thornton Ralls. Darkness in the afternoon History and philosophy of sport and physical activity 2005 Freedom of speech in Australian law Effective Environmental Management Genki ii workbook second edition key What Men Should Know about Christian Women The boy with the striped pajamas book Polynomial methods for control systems design Widescreen cinema The Roots Of The Catholic Tradition The cost of quitting and prevention Proposed increases by British Railways Board in certain country-wide fares and charges. Barnstaple, town on the Taw Emancipation in the West Indies. An account of the conquest of Peru Wildflowers of the American West English Dictionary/English Greek Greek English Science education issues and developments Theres No Such Thing as Public Speaking Picture book of birds 16. ActionScript authoring environment Creative Bible learning Practical english usage Blue Oyster Cult Cult Classics Five windows on healing